

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor.

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CORRESPONDENCE. Address communications relating to news and editorial matter to Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

DECEMBER CIRCULATION.

53,534

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss: Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of December, 1915, was 53,534.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 4th day of January, 1916. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

Make ready for the ground hog.

The weather man is trying to qualify also for sustained effort.

Radium at \$9,000,000 a pound offers scant hope of an early bargain counter rush.

No more January clearance sales this year—but we all hope to live through other Januaries.

Those fashion potentates evidently had a hunch when they picked on this winter for a "fur season."

No harm will come from discussing the scarlet fever contagion if the mutual prodding results in greater effort to stop its spread.

"The moral prestige" of the United States endears itself all the more to its creators since it offends the inflated ego of Baron Astor.

Price boosters charge the offense to war and get away with the money. Political gymnasts are equally efficient in putting "changes of front" over on war.

'Tis an ill snowflake that brings nobody good. The new tungsten "strike" in Colorado glows with the golden radiance of Leadville and Creeds rolled into one.

Realizing the task of floating a warmed-over exposition, friendly consideration will be accorded San Diego as a news center, but friendship draws the line at snake stories.

Whatever is done in buying new apparatus for Omaha's fire department, let it be done out in the open. Star chamber deals and midnight meetings naturally and rightly arouse suspicion.

President Wilson is far from monopolizing the applause. A Washington meeting rose and cheered the names of Bryan and Ford, and cheers there readily reach the nerves of congress.

Democratic congressmen are dazed by the frequency of presidential somersaults and wonder where they are at. The only certainty visioned just now is the state of political comedy in November.

Princess Go-Wah-Heap-Doons and Chief Thundering-Water, noted Indians of New York state, succeeded in shaking hands with the president at Cleveland, and escaped with their hyppens unimpaired.

All important federal appointments must be held in abeyance while the president is swinging round the circle. This is just a quiet tip to expectant democrats hereabouts to try to possess themselves in patience.

The proposed new Federal Shipping board is to include three \$10,000 jobs to be handed out by the president. The sponsor of the bill must be figuring on taking care of three more senators, retired by their constituents.



At its regular meeting the school board elected Tim Berthold janitor of the Cataler school, as recommended by the committee on building and property. In explaining the report, Secretary Conroy said a large number of applications for the position had been received and the committee concluded to select a man by lot. The names were accordingly placed in a hat, Rev. Mr. Copeland was blindfolded by Mr. Colburn and the name of Berthold was drawn as the prize winner.

H. A. Jones, well known to the dry goods trade, has transferred his services from J. J. Brown & Co. to Tootle & Hoses Co. of St. Joseph.

Robert Armstrong, for the last two years clerk in the quartermaster's depot here, has been promoted to be quartermaster's agent at Valentine.

Luden Stephens has accepted a position as traveling solicitor for F. A. Moore & Co., successors to Garryhart & Co.

The musical union at its meeting formed a protective association and will shortly enter the Knights of Labor.

The musical gives by Messrs. Tabor and Bartlett at the Dodge Street Congregational church brought forth a fair audience.

The bricklayers have just established a rule for a nine-hour day. They have been receiving an average of \$4.50 a day for ten hours' work.

Mrs. H. H. Marhoff, 1229 Seward street, lets it be known that she wants a horse girl.

Four black feathers in one package, were lost on Saturday. The finder will please leave at Donaghy's bar-rooms at Sixteenth and Douglas.

Points of the New Shipping Bill.

Telegraphed outlines of the administration's new shipping bill, just presented in congress, only vaguely hint at its scope, but discussion will be very sure to develop what is now concealed. One of its chief variations from the measure defeated in the last congress is that outright government ownership of the vessels to be constructed has been abandoned. Control of the operation of the plan is to be vested in a new board, to be constituted with extraordinary powers, and charged, among other things, with the regulation of marine commerce of all kinds, domestic and foreign. Advocates of the measure announce its purpose to be to induce private capital to embark in building and operating ocean-going vessels of all kinds.

Former efforts of the present administration have been along a course exactly the opposite of favoring American ships. One good example of its fostering influence in this line is the abrogation of the canal tolls exemption at the behest of England and Germany. Its proposal to open the coastwise traffic of the United States to foreign built vessels is another suggestion of how the democrats would move to build up American tonnage at sea. The whole history of the democratic party is full of instances of blows struck at the industry.

Immediate anxiety of the president and his followers for some sort of shipping bill is easily understood. The approaching election makes it imperative that something be done to mollify or fool the people.

Why Is Colonel House?

The mystery of the movements of the president's personal messenger continue to haunt the news columns. Over the wireless from Berlin comes word that the Colonel is starting for home, fully convinced that the Germans are our friends, and that his visit has done much good. What great affair of state is he dealing with? Is it possible he has told the Germans something Americans do not know? One finds it difficult to believe the single-track mind of the president would announce a definite policy for his countrymen's edification, and then privately notify the German government of a secret modification.

The whole business smacks of a return to the days of romance when the secret envoy was always stepping out of a concealed passage in the palace wall. Mysterious hints in the president's speeches supplement the maneuvers of Colonel House. If our ship of state is in waters more troubled than the surface indicates, the president should tell us. It is not needed that he divulge any of the great state secrets, but he might be frank enough to let the people know if real danger impends.

California "Cleaning Up."

Venustiano Carranza sends word from his migratory headquarters that the "clean-up" he has apparently started in the way of taking over the possessions of all not deemed friendly to his cause, is merely a measure of "protection" for the constitutional party. He is not confiscating the property, he says, but merely "holding it." This is one of the really delightful distinctions the Mexican mind is capable of drawing. It will be comforting beyond question to the despoiled citizens to know that their sequestered possessions are merely "held." When the republic is sufficiently tranquil the government will dispose of the property it has seized, but the chances of it ever coming into possession of its rightful owners are remote. It will almost certainly go to reward retainers of the restorer of freedom, and they will be thereby uplifted.

California's Glorious Climate.

Press dispatches of the last few weeks have brought information from the golden west that warrants the belief something has gone wrong with the glorious climate of California. First we heard of an untimely snowstorm visiting the citrus belt, and doing immense damage to the orange groves. Now swirling floods are sweeping the wreckage of flimsy dams and patiently developed farmsteads into the Pacific ocean. The calamity that has overtaken the people of Southern California is widespread, and the loss will be heavy and not easily borne by those who have put their all into the venture of their lives. It is a vivid reminder that man has not yet tamed the forces of nature, and that efforts to restrain them are apt to end in destruction, while no region is immune from their manifestation. The sympathy of Nebraskans will go out to the stricken of California, the more strongly because of the fact that many former residents of this state have been lured to the devastated region by promise of eternal summer.

Suppressing the Sunday Newspaper.

And now it is the little town of Benson that proposes to "stop the paper" by resorting to the police power to suppress their sale on Sundays at news stands and on the streets. In other words, the town council would turn back the hands of time a century or two to compel the inhabitants to withstand the lure of the Sunday newspaper. While The Bee is no more affected than any other publication, it stands to reason that we will never yield such a right to any town council, for if the sales of newspapers can be barred on Sunday or any other day, so can delivery of papers, and if in Benson, likewise in every town and village. The good people of Benson should wake up to the fact that the newspaper has become as much of a necessity as the telephone, or the street car, or the electric light, that it is as much of a necessity in these days on Sundays as it is on week days, and that any stretch of the Sunday law, covering the ordinary sales of newspapers, must fail in its purpose. A big drop in the emigration from Ireland in 1915 is noted in the dispatches. The statement is misleading. Actually the number of departures increased, but the destination was switched from the United States to Flanders, Gallipoli and Saloniki.

Aimed at Omaha

York Democrat: Mr. Howell of Omaha is coming to York to tell us how it may be accomplished. If Mr. Howell can assure a lot of local patriots that there is a job like his in this municipal ownership stunt, he will make a husky lot of converts.

Hastings Tribune: Omaha burglars cart off furniture by the wagonload. But that is no reflection on the Omaha police—in Chicago even policemen are spirited away.

York News-Times: The new skating fad almost cost the life of the president of the Union Pacific Sunday at Omaha. He is a heavy man and when he started out on the ice he evidently forgot that he wasn't as young as he once was. His head struck the ice and for a day or two it was not known by the hospital authorities whether he would recover or not. He is now out of danger. Even men are prone to admit that they are getting any older than they feel, but it will save doctor bills by admitting it to themselves occasionally anyway.

Nebraska City Press: The health officers of Nebraska were supposed to have a meeting at Omaha. About eight of them arrived. Politics under the Morehead regime has killed health conservation work in Nebraska. It will take a long time to get back.

Beatrice Express: An Omaha minister who endeavored to maintain interest in his church by the use of "Billy" Sunday methods in the pulpit has resigned, finding his efforts a failure. There is only one Sunday, and an attempt to imitate him is sure to prove a failure.

Telesnah Herald: The verdict of guilty in the Art Hansen case in Omaha last week was a redeeming feature in Douglas county murder trials. That bandit deserved hanging, but we are satisfied that he was given life imprisonment. But we fear some fool pardoning power may release him in a few years to again perpetrate his heinous deeds.

Genoa Leader: An Omaha lawyer got what was coming to him this week down at Omaha, when a witness whom he had been grilling on the witness stand knocked him down a couple times when they met outside the court room. The court rule that gives a lawyer the privilege to insult and abuse a witness on the stand, and forbids the witness the right to resent it, is non-American. It is outrageous.

Beatrice Express: It is generally accepted by Nebraska newspaper men that when Mayor Dahlman speaking at the democratic editorial banquet held in Lincoln last week, stated that so far as he was concerned they could all "go to hell," he was merely extending another invitation to the Nebraska Press association to hold its annual meeting in Omaha this year.

Orj Quik: Among the gems of oratory and sentiment brought out by the democratic harmony banquet at Lincoln a few nights ago, the following by Mayor Jim Dahlman of Omaha is deserving of special notice: "The press of the country, democratic, republican and populist, can all go to hell—as far as I am concerned." One might infer from this choice language that the honorable mayor does not cherish a passionate love for the editorial fraternity. Just what caused Mr. Dahlman to feel so peeved we do not know, but the presumption is that some newspaper has been telling the truth about him.

Twice Told Tales

One crisp November afternoon a dilapidated figure walked slowly down the road toward the Home of Useless Things. No one took the slightest notice of it, and it slunk along, an unhappy outcast. After it had gone a little way it was met by a somewhat similar figure, and by common consent they fell in together.

"Who are you?" asked the new arrival.

"Oh," replied the other. "I'm a student petition to the faculty. And you?"

The new arrival sighed. "I'm one of Wilson's notes to Germany," he replied.

The petition placed its hand sympathetically on the other's shoulder. "Come with me, old top." It said, "I guess we are both bound for the same place."

—Cornell Widow.

A Good Provider. To understand the force of this story one must first know that Cain's storehouse is the place in New York, where the scenery and properties of most of the theatrical productions that meet an untimely fate on Broadway are sent for storage.

A group of members sat in the snugger of the Laube's club on an afternoon not long ago. A scowling gentleman, wearing his hair long and wide rubber rims on his eye-glasses, passed through.

"Who is that," asked one of the party, addressing Hap Ward, the comedian.

Ward looked and recognized in the passer a playwright who wrote no fewer than three pronounced failures last season.

"Oh, that," said Ward, "that's Cain's favorite author."—Saturday Evening Post.

Seeing and Saving. An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman are looking through a confectioner's window at a beautiful young woman serving in the shop.

"Oh," exclaims Mr. Patrick, "do let us be after spending half a dollar with the dear creature that we may look at her more conveniently and have a bit chat with her."

"You extravagant dog," says Mr. George, "I'm sure one-half of it would do just as well. But let us go in, by all means. She is a charming girl."

"Ah, wait a wee," interposed Mr. Andrew, "dinna ya ken it'll serve our purpose to gie us two quarters for a fifty-cent piece and inquire where Mr. Tootson's hoose is and sic like? We're no hungry, and may as well save the money."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

The War Spirit. A fat "colored mammy" of the "old school" was haled into court for throwing her washstand at her neighbor's husband, a "Georgia cracker," of the "poor white trash" variety.

"Did you strike this man with a washboard?" Judge Broyles asked.

"I spects I did, y' honocation."

"What was the provocation?"

"We wuz discussin' wah, judge."

"Well—so on."

"We wuz talkin' 'bout dem Gernings, an' John Bull, and dem Frenchmans, an' he done said I wuz neutral. Yo' honab, I ain't gwine to let no low-down white trash call me dat."—Case and Comment.

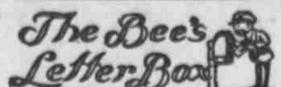
Used to It. A stranger became one of a group of listeners to a veteran of many battles, says Postmaster General Burleson. The veteran had about concluded a vividly colored narrative of a furious battle, in which he had taken part.

"Just think of it," exclaimed one of the party, turning to the stranger. "How would you like to stand with shells bursting all around you?"

"I have been there," responded the newcomer. "What? Have you, too, been a soldier?"

"No," answered the stranger, "I am an actor."—Philadelphia Ledger.

It Was Her Secret. This story, illustrating the reticence of the Scotch regarding their private affairs, was told by the late Isa MacLaren.



When Doctors Disagree.

YORKTOWN, Ia., Jan. 31.—To the Editor of The Bee: I have been a reader of your paper for many years, but have never contributed to the Letter Box. However, I feel that I must have come for me to make an offering. I have been watching carefully through the papers the progress of the fight in your city against that dreadful malady, scarlet fever, and have felt satisfied that the physicians and health officers were doing all in their power to combat it. But, alas! I fear the guardians of the public health have been asleep, for they were unaware that they have right in their very midst one who by his great skill in treating this dreadful disease can have his patient on the road to recovery in less than six days and without any complications or even desquamation.

This wonderful personage, who signs himself A. L. Merriam, M. D., is in my opinion, either a divine healer or else a physician who has not enjoyed a very extensive practice during his forty-five years' experience, and who never lost a single case since that time. If Bro. Merriam can master a case of typhoid fever in ten days, as he has previously stated, or never lose a case of scarlet fever, he would not hesitate to sing his own praises through the columns of a newspaper.

I would suggest that he pay The Bee for a nice big advertisement extolling his wonderful healing powers and have it inserted along beside the ads of other quacks. I have spent the greater part of my life in the immediate vicinity of Omaha and received my medical degree there, but I never once heard of this wonderful healer until I read his articles in your paper, the last one scoring your health officer.

J. F. SIGAFOOS, M. D.

The Democratic Dilemma.

SILVER CREEK, Neb., Jan. 31.—To the Editor of The Bee: According to the title and longwinded preamble of the republican party is hard put to, to find a strong man for a presidential candidate to lead them in the coming campaign, while the democratic party has no other in view than President Wilson.

That being the case why not dispense with a republican candidate entirely and all support Mr. Wilson. He is rapidly acquiring, acquiring and absorbing republican principles and no doubt by the end of his term will have both feet firmly planted on the republican platform.

When the republicans were in control of the government their consistent and conservative policy of defensive preparedness was just as consistently and violently opposed by the democratic party. Now Mr. Wilson has done a complete double flip-flop and is for preparedness with a capital P.

When running on the democratic platform for his present high position his successful election was largely due to his uncompromising and eloquent opposition to the republican tariff policy and especially to President Taft's efforts to obtain a permanent tariff commission. Mr. Wilson has flip-flopped on that proposition also and is now advocating quite a full sized measure of practical republicanism common sense along with the republican platform.

It is reasonable to infer that he will be able to learn and assimilate quite all or enough of republican principles and policies to make him an acceptable leader of the G. O. P.

By the time Grover Cleveland had completed his presidential career he had been forced to repudiate so many democratic theories and fallacies that he was accused of flopping over to the republicans, selling out to "interests," etc., that many of his fellowmen had repudiated him.

The fact is, that where the democratic party happens to be entangled with the control of governmental affairs they find that their visionary theories are sadly at fault and when they try to run the government in accordance therewith it simply "can't be did," and while Mr. Wilson and his advisers seem to be becoming enlightened and absorb a little republican wisdom and experience, I am afraid the masses of his party, wedded to their time-honored if not time-worn theories, will bring the same charges against him that they did against Cleveland, and his only salvation will be for the republicans to adopt him and rally to his rescue. W. G. ROBINSON.

Preparedness for Peace.

LINCOLN, Jan. 31.—To the Editor of The Bee: After so much bitter sentiment expressed in the war discussions, Mr. Boerckeb's fine patriotism is a pleasant diversion, like the peaceful sunshine after a thunderstorm. How nice it would be if all were to tune to his peace symphony. Are we not tired of that cheap sucker play to prospective presidential candidates, for a few office crumbs? Let us make a united effort for the development of Omaha and Nebraska. In 1898, when the west had wheels in its head, the east held steady; now that the east has wheels in its head, the west must hold steady. Shall the west stand for preparedness? Yes, but preparedness for peace, not war!

With the present European situation in mind, only a fool or a knave could be for war—and does not preparedness eventually mean war? The tariff question is in abeyance until Europe is repopulated and re-established. We are up against direct taxation. Does any sane person believe the American people will stand for an English navy situation, a German army by direct taxation? Listen to the voice of the west; it says, "Prepare for peace, build roads, develop water power, irrigate." When there are no more sand bars, the Missouri river will be navigable.

When the fall is taken out of rivers like the Platte, there will be no more sandbars. Begin at the mountains and give the Platte a scientific river bed, with a narrow channel and eighty foot fall every ten miles, with locks, and boats can unload at the wharves of Omaha, Lincoln and Denver. Railroad rates will be regulated for all time to come. We will have more power than we can ever use for irrigation and factories, etc. A home market will make all farm land in Nebraska worth \$500 per acre. We will be closer to the world's markets than England or Germany now. Then Chicago will see to it that the Great Lakes are connected by the Illinois river. Times will get so good here that Europe will have to pay good wages to keep their people there. The day's work can be shortened. Man's burdens will become so light that all will have time for pleasure and culture. Class differences will almost entirely disappear. Students will come to us from all parts of the world. By intermarriage the people of the world will become as friendly to each other as the people of the United States are to each other. In commercial transactions, a gentleman's agreement will become more binding than any law ever can become.

backed by an army and navy, no matter how strong. Visionary? Yes, but no more so than was the discovery of America at the time of Columbus—and what the discovery of America did for the world then, a scientific development of our resources will do now. Think of that level, fertile, rich soil, two hundred miles wide and a thousand miles long, under irrigation, with a family on every ten acres. Think of all section lines paved. All that will not cost as much as war. Go to the "Birth of a Nation," and try to realize that the half of its horrors have not been told—then will you listen to my only competitors, those infernal, incarnate war hell-hounds? Do you fully realize that every war has been a talked-up war? That there never has been a war that has not resulted from preparedness? Do you realize that there never has been less occasion for preparedness, anywhere, at any time, than there is in America now?

Awake, awake, American knight. With ballot sword, we now must fight. That war dog, Aristocracy. Who toll not, neither do they spin. But do the things that Christ called sin. When ballots say, "Thou shalt not kill," then man can have "Peace and good-will."

The thunder clap of Liberty bell! Did it not ring the tyrants' knell? And break man's chains and set him free? To live in peace, on land and sea? O, God of Hosts, be with us yet. Let us forget, lest we forget! E. L. DREWING, 618 South Nineteenth street.

Let the Doctor Explain. STANTON, Ia., Jan. 31.—To the Editor of The Bee: I was much interested, but not enlightened by the letter from Dr. L. A. Merriam entitled "Phenacetin in Fevers." I am sure there are others who would like to know just what is meant by Juergensen's method, also what alkaloids are, and how to carry out the elimination diet.

SEBKER AFTER TRUTH. MID-WINTER MIRTH.

"Can't you give us something novel and up-to-date?" asked the man who was buying a calendar.

"What's the trouble?" asked the stationer.

"I'm tired of seeing Father Time carrying an hour glass and a scythe. Can't you give him a good reliable, thought inexpensive, watch, and a gasoline-driven harvesting machine?"—Washington Star.

She—Now, my dear, we must face this problem. Shall we settle in the suburbs or in the city?

He—You mean live, darling. Don't forget that on my present salary we can't settle anywhere.—Judge.

Wife—We must surely go to Egypt this year. Husband—Why Egypt?

Wife—On account of those pyramids. I see by this magazine that they are slowly wasting away. It would hardly do to miss 'em.—Judge.

Collector—Sir, your account has been running now a long time. Owens—Then, common humanity dictates that you let it stand awhile.

Collector—Well, since you are considerate of it, why don't you provide a settlement?—Boston Transcript.

Sapleigh—I believe, you know, I shall try a fish diet for my brain. Miss Keen—Don't be absurd, Mr. Sapleigh. Fish may stimulate business, I am not create them.—Chicago Post.

"Do you think we have too much book learning?"

"There isn't any other kind. As soon as a man finds out anything worth knowing he proceeds immediately to write a book about it."—Washington Star.

"How is it that Smith seems to be

rolling in money? I understand from friends of his that he had got into a hole."

"So he did, but it was an oil well."—Baltimore American.

"Faw, what's the longest period of time?"

"From one pay day to the next."—Buffalo Express.

A LEAP YEAR ANSWER.

John K. Bangs, in New York Times. I have listened, Amartyllis, I have heard your story through.

Aand, as I remarked to Phyllis, I believe it all is true— It doth ring, Oh quite sincerely, and it fills me with delight.

For I love you quite as dearly as the moonbeam loves the night. It is sweet to know you love me with the whole of your dear heart.

And by all the stars above me I would gladly do my part. For I find my love is burning not less ardently than yours.

And the substance of my yearning my sincerity assures. But—I feel that I must say it—though my lips would rather not—

In this game of life I play it at a pace that's rather hot. I'm a man of many fancies for the luxuries of life.

And I've some extravagancies that might vex a willing wife. I have clubs—some ten or twenty—and a score of motor-cars.

Father gives me money for my neckties and cigars. As you know, I'm quite a dandy, and my costumes are au fait—

Seven suits all spick and spanny are my portion every day. I should say that forty thousand it now costs to play the game.

That's the sum my dad allows, and you would have to do the same. So that when you come to court me I must ask one thing of you:

Do you think you can support me in the style I'm "customed to?"



DO YOUR HANDS ITCH AND BURN Because of Eczemas, Rashes, Chaps, Etc.? If So

CUTICURA SOAP AND CUTICURA OINTMENT

Will afford instant relief and quickly heal even when all else has failed. On retiring bathe the hands freely with Cuticura Soap and hot water.

Dry, and rub Cuticura Ointment gently into the skin for a few minutes.

Wipe off surplus Ointment with soft tissue paper or leave it on and wear old gloves or soft bandage during night.

Sample Each Free by Mail With 23-p. Skin Book on request. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. 14, Boston." Sold throughout the world.

Follow Summer SOUTH! NO NEED to suffer the discomforts of winter when America's tropics are only a short trip away. Here Nature has lavishly bestowed her gifts. There's a charm in the climate and a fascination in the historic and beautiful surroundings. Now is the time to go. The trip can be made at moderate cost and quickly and comfortably via the CHICAGO Milwaukee & St. Paul RAILWAY "The Pacific Limited" and three other daily trains make convenient connections in Chicago with through trains for the South and East. Through railroad and sleeping car tickets and full information at 1317 Farnam Street, Omaha

Persistence is the cardinal virtue in advertising; no matter how good advertising may be in other respects, it must be run frequently and constantly to be really successful.